

I Am

I am benevolent and cunning.

I wonder when my family and I would pass on into an even more beautiful place than this big and bright world.

I hear the wind whispering into my innocent ears, telling me to be strong and forget my fears of the world.

I see the people that believe they know their future, trying to prevent what dark times might come.

I want a world where everyone could live peacefully and happily.

I am benevolent and cunning.

I pretend that I am a brave on the outside, but truthfully I am so scared and weak on the inside.

I feel the soft-but-cruel snow blanket the Earth.

I touch my great grandmother's earrings, treasures from a time when she was trying to win a harsh war against the deaths of her young children.

I worry that one day that I won't be able to fall into my mother's caring arms.

I cry about what would happen when everyone is not this harsh world, all of us in heaven or hell, or maybe just exploring somewhere humankind has never dreamed about.

I am benevolent and cunning.

I understand that one day nobody may be there to catch me when I fall.

I say, "If you want a better place, you have to make that happen and not sit around and wait!"

I dream about having all of my ancestors around me, cheering me on and supporting me in all of my decisions.

I try to be strong like a mama grizzly bear and have everyone see that (but I'm not always so strong.)

I hope that I will excel in my life and everyone will accept me for who I am.

I am benevolent and cunning.

by Victoria Rivera